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## Light In The Dark

by [GayBirb](#)

### Summary

The undead Scourge brought them together and ultimately tore them apart. Her love, her home and everything Angela ever held dear is stolen from her. It wasn't until a sword was held to her throat and a ghost of a memory did she realise that Fareeha was still living. However, where once was a passionate soul of light and justice, a dark and twisted shell remained.

"Fareehali... What have they done to you?"

### Notes

Warcraft au that nobody asked for... Someone very special wanted me to write something for her <3

I don't really know how to write but i love Overwatch, World of Warcraft and Phamericy so -shrugs- why not all three :D

Chapter titles are just song titles that sort of fit -shrugs-

This is my first ever fic so be gentle <3

Angela's life and childhood had been anything but simple and peaceful. Living in Andorhal, a small town surrounded by farmland, she often heard of the suffering that war brought with it.

From the orcish Horde that sought to conquer the Alliance kingdoms to the demonic Burning Legion that sought to extinguish all life, she knew suffering like a constant companion. Then there was the Scourge and its master, the once noble and proud prince of Lordaeron, Arthas.

She could remember the day the Scourge came to her home well; nightmarish creatures, monsters of death and decay that rose from the ground. Everywhere they stepped, blight would follow, screams would pierce the night air and blood flooded the streets. She remembers her parents being struck down before her as they desperately tried to stop the onslaught, the sickly blight crawling over their bodies, the horror. A then 20-year-old Angela could do nothing but watch and hide, helpless and terrified.

In her eyes, the creatures themselves weren't the most horrifying, it's what they did to the fallen. Not only did the bodies decompose right before her eyes but they *moved*, they stood, and they walked all the while remaining lifeless. Seeing that happen to her own beloved parents was enough to send her running, smiting any decaying ghouls with the Light that might attempt to pursue.

She had studied the Light from an early age, much like her mother and father once did. Studying to be a healer, the desire to mend grievous wounds and care for those who needed it most, just like her father. He was her mentor, her role model, her hero, he was her world. In a matter of moments, all of that was taken from her, so she ran and kept running with nothing but adrenaline and fear to keep her going, leaving behind the screams and horrors that would haunt her for years to come.

She runs; for how long or how far, she doesn't care to know. Finally falling to her hands and knees, she grips the brown grass below her and weeps silently, then choked sobs, then screamed tears. Her legs burned, her body felt numb and her mind despaired. Soon her screams die down to mournful whimpers as she curled in on herself, forehead pressed against the cool ground, and stayed like that, for minutes or hours, she couldn't remember.

It wasn't until the sound of crunching grass and leaves that she snapped out of her ordeal, she froze. *Something* was there. Taking a few shaky breaths, she slowly rose to her feet. She straightened her back and turned, to face whatever horror had found her, to face her fate. A sickening green haze slowly spilled out of the tree-line, tainting everything it touched. Grass blackened and withered away, flowers curled in on themselves and died, trees rotted and fell apart, the air turned to ice. She watched with fear as death crept around her, drawing closer, coming for her.

As her heartbeat quickened she could make out what she could only describe as whispering and growls of thirst. Eyes widened as the first of the disgusting creatures emerged from the forest, hollow eye sockets glowing with the need to kill. Angela took an involuntary step back as the small handful of ghouls turned into a dozen, then fifty, then more. Turning, she tried to back away, only to find herself surrounded. Breath hitching as her heart rate sped out of control, there were too many of them. Collecting herself she straightened defiantly, *I'm not going down without taking some with me.*

She focused on one of the ghouls; a horrid, dribbling mess of blighted flesh and bone. Muttering a spell, a stream of golden light erupted from her hands. A gurgling scream shattered the night air as the blinding Light consumed the ghoul, reducing it to a pile of ash in a matter of moments. The other monstrosities instantly leapt into action, plagued claws wildly slashing. Managing to take down a few more she quickly found herself overrun with nowhere to go. Deadly talons and sharp teeth dug into her flesh. As searing pain soared through her body, she could do nothing but scream.

She was vaguely aware of a flash of light and a blur of silver as her world and vision grew darker.

Feeling weightless as she was lifted from the bloodied ground, she let the darkness consume her.

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It was an hour from sunrise and the news was already spreading like wild fire. Armies of undead rose from seemingly nowhere and had begun attacking villages and slaughtering innocents. What really had them all worried was the fate that befell the farmlands of Andorhal. They should have seen it sooner, the warning signs that something was amiss were as clear as day. First people were falling ill for no apparent reason, then food stocks were rotting, small animals were dying, even horses didn't go unaffected.

"Andorhal has already fallen as well as numerous others! Whatever this Plague is, its spreading quickly and if we don't do something about it now who knows what destruction it shall wrought!" people were divided, arguing, fighting, and scared of the unknown.

"Perhaps we should let this sickness run its course? Quarantine it and let it die out."

"What? And let it consume us? This 'sickness' is killing people and turning them into monsters!"

Three days had passed since the undead marched on an unsuspecting Andorhal and already tensions and unease were running high. It was all that Ana Amari, arguably the best sharpshooter in Lordaeron, could do to keep from rolling her eyes and zoning out over the proceedings. Taking a deep breath, she sat up, long obsidian hair falling over her shoulder.

"Perhaps we should send out a scouting band to Andorhal; learn the extent of the damage, find survivors and figure out what is really going on," she had always been a voice of reason and it was because of this that people mostly always heeded her words. It was at this moment, when people had begun to contemplate her words, that the great doors to the hall were thrown open with such a force the sandstone walls on either side cracked and crumbled slightly. All turned and beheld the intruder. A giant of a man stood clad in silver heavy plate, face hidden and Warhammer resting on one of his armoured shoulders, Ana knew who it was in an instant.

"At ease soldier," a man to the right of Ana stood and spoke. The visibly tense shoulders loosened slightly and the armoured soldier nodded, leaning his mighty hammer up against the wall before removing his helm. His white hair and beard wear a mess, covered with dirt, blood and foul ichor, an old scar down the left side of his face rendering him blind in that eye, he wore a solemn look as he beheld the people in front of him.

"High General," he started, voice deep and strained. Everyone was silent waiting for him to continue. "There is a survivor, I found her not far from the city walls. She is... Not well." Eyes downcast, he let out a deep breath he hadn't realized he had been holding. Whispers started to circulate around the room but with a stern look from the High General they died down quickly.

"Very well Reinhardt, get some rest, you are dismissed." Bowing his head slightly, he hefted his hammer back onto his shoulder and left without another word. For a moment, everyone in the hall remained silent as they thought over the words the renowned soldier spoke. Thinking for a moment longer, the High General spoke.

"Amari," he started in a serious tone before lowering his voice so that only Ana could hear him. "I need you to see this, survivor. See if you can speak with her, learn what you can about what we're dealing with." Nodding, Ana turned to leave.

"And Ana?" the High General started again. Huffing quietly to herself, she turns to face him again, raising an eyebrow. "If the rumours about this plague are true, we cannot risk it breaking out." She knew what he meant. Pursing her lips, she nodded in acknowledgement and strode out

of the hall. She didn't know what she would see once she set foot in the infirmary, but she prepared herself for the worst.

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Living in Tyr's Hand was as largely uneventful as it was boring and she hated every minute of it. Fareeha desperately wanted to learn the blade, to fight and to protect. Every time she brought up the subject with her mother it always ended the same way, with yelling and slammed doors. The words roared in their last argument played through her mind as if it had happened yesterday.

*"I want to fight mother! Why won't you let me train?" Her hands balled into fists as she barely contained her anger. She was sick of it, sick of being told what she could and could not do. Her mother just shook her head for what seemed like the hundredth time.*

*"It is a dangerous world out there, habibti, even so you are barely of age to hold a sword."* Fareeha could feel her jaw clench at the words. *"Do not ask me to endure the sight of my only daughter being torn apart by some monster!" It was the same excuse, the same words every time.*

*"If I am to die, let it be with a sword in my hands protecting those who can't! If I am to die, let it be in battle fighting for what is right! If I am to die, then let it be with you!" How many more times must she argue to get her stubborn mother to budge? Ana, eyes down cast, took another breath.*

*"My answer will not change Fareeha."* her voice was stern which further aggravated the teen. *Groaning in frustration, she forcefully pushed her way passed her mother and out of the room. She wasn't going to just sit by and let others decide her life for her. Storming out of the house, she let the old wooden door slam shut behind her, no longer caring.*

*Later that same day she found herself ranting to an understanding Reinhardt at the tavern. He could understand her trouble but he could also see where Ana stood. It was there that he decided he could teach the young woman in secret, if that is what she truly wished. At the mere mention of it, Fareeha could feel her cheeks hurting from smiling so widely. They would start the very next day and her mother would be none the wiser.*

It wasn't every day, however, that she could practice so she still found herself working in either the kitchens or the infirmary more often than she would've liked. Being inside was such a bore and it was always the same, dull routine. She worked late into the night and sometimes into the early hours of the morning, assisting the healers with all sorts of injuries from training accidents to failed bandit raids. Not knowing much about healing and grumbling through every minute, she was an Amari and would damned before she didn't put all her effort in.

Tonight, started off just as any other had; bandage this person, watch this other. However, as the night went on, it slowly started to take a turn for the worse. People were being brought in from who knows where with the most horrendous of injuries. Looking over one of the stretchers that was brought in she could make out ugly looking gashes, at least knuckle deep that oozed what she could only describe as green sludge. Wincing at the sight, she took a deep breath, it was going to be a long night.

As the night dragged on, more and more people were brought in, each looking worse than the last. Before long some started to die, screaming and thrashing. It was dreadful, she admitted to herself, the wounds and blood and pus made her feel sick. *No*, she told herself, *I can do this*. Taking a deep breath, she stretched her neck and straightened her back, *I can do this*.

Nearing the hour of sunrise, the amount of injured being brought in slowed to a trickle then, before long, stopped altogether. In all more than half of those brought in died, but what had

disturbed Fareeha more was how. No wolf or bear could cause the deep and infected gashes that riddled each body, the sickly green pus that oozed out of each wound and the blackened, dead skin that surrounded them. Then the stories and rumours started to spread.

Something dark and twisted was destroying villages and slaughtering innocents in the hundreds. Something was threatening the lives and homes of Lordaeron, her home. The more Fareeha thought about it, the more anger boiled up inside of her, *who in their right mind would dare?* A thunderous bang interrupted her thoughts causing her to jump, she and the two remaining healers looked up at the large wooden doors as they were thrown open from the outside. A giant warrior clad in silver heavy plate stormed in, an unconscious and bleeding woman in his arms.

“Reinhardt!” Fareeha gasped, a little louder than she intended. She and the two healers rushed over to him, carefully yet quickly taking the blonde girl out of his arms and taking her to a stretcher. She could only stand back and watch as the healers worked their magic, suddenly feeling anxious for the wellbeing of this unknown woman. As the golden magic knitted flesh back together, Fareeha couldn’t help but look over the blonde. Bones were broken, skin and flesh were torn from numerous gashes and bites, she was covered in blood and her skin was deathly pale and... green?

“Fareeha, we’re going to need linen bandages. A lot of them.” Snapping out of her thoughts, she quickly trotted over to the shelves, gathering as many bandages she could carry before making her way back and dumping them all on the empty stretcher next to the priests. She moved back to Reinhardt’s side, not taking her eyes off the soul in front of them. It would be another half hour before the woman before them somewhat resembled a human once again.

“Your mother and all of the highest ranks are in the hall meeting with the High General, I should inform them of this,” he muttered to the teen dejectedly, Fareeha only nods as she moves closer to the now sleeping blonde. “Look after her Fareeha.” Squeezing her shoulder, Reinhardt exited the infirmary, leaving Fareeha with the healers and near-dead blonde. The priests did what they could in healing most of her wounds, however the woman did lose a lot of blood and the green ooze still troubled their minds.

“If anything changes, Fareeha, come and retrieve one of us immediately.” One of the healers whispered before taking their leave. Looking around the now quiet and dark room, Fareeha sat herself down on the stretcher next to the smaller woman. The woman’s blonde hair was a matted mess and bloodied, her skin, though still pale, didn’t look as sickly and her brows were furrowed as a bead of sweat rolled down a cheek. Reaching out, Fareeha placed a hand on one of the blonde’s arms, instantly drawing back at how cold she felt. *She’s as cold as ice*, she thought stunned. Getting up again, Fareeha made her way to the linen cupboards and took out a couple of blankets, *they’re not exactly warm but they’ll have to do*. Walking back over to the stretchers, Fareeha took one of the blankets and draped it over the sleeping woman, who instantly stilled and somewhat relaxed. Taking the other, Fareeha wrapped it around herself and retook her seat on the stretcher opposite. It wasn’t until she finally let herself relax that she realised how exhausted and tired she was. Looking back at the blonde, Fareeha watched her sleep until she too succumbed to her exhaustion.

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